

I Declare War

"The Dot"

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We are alone on this stage in a vast cosmic arena.
Think of all the rivers of blood spilled by the generals
and emperors,
So that in glory and triumph they could become
momentary masters of a dot.
Think of the endless men fighting and dying for a God
they're not sure exists.
War and famine at what price?
We tell ourselves what we're doing is right,
But we're so f*cking wrong.
How frequent our misunderstandings,
How eager we are to kill.
Look back at the pale blue dot,
And try to convince yourself
God created the universe for a mote of dust
suspended in a sunbeam.

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